

Colonel Charles E. Jones, the Georgia historian, has compiled a list of the surviving Confederate generals, which shows that out of the original nineteen lieutenant generals, seven survive; of the eighty-one major generals, sixteen are living, and of 355 brigadier generals, ninety-two survive. The living lieutenant generals are James Longstreet, Alexander P. Stewart, Stephen D. Lee, Simon B. Buckner, Wade Hampton, John B. Gordon and Joseph Wheeler.

Money makes the mare go, but railway officials prefer to run trains on time.

Western Intellectual Products.
"The Farmer's Cheerful Helper" is the title of a book for which a copyright has been granted to the author, G. W. Hamilton of Des Moines.

Patents have been allowed but not yet issued as follows: To W. H. Lyon and J. C. Wallich, of Creston, Ia., for a mail pouch that is adapted to be opened and closed quicker than the old style and when closed and locked access to the contents without a key is impossible except by cutting a flexible part thereof. To W. D. Weir of Gilmore City, Ia., for a portable and transformable hoisting machine. A mast is mounted on a truck, a boom swivels to the mast and means for operating it, a crane mounted on the truck and means for swinging it horizontally and vertically and a fork adapted for lifting corn shocks detachably connected therewith and all the parts so arranged and combined that they can be readily adjusted to transform the machine to adapt it to be used advantageously in doing various kinds of hard work on a farm.

Authors and inventors entitled to protection for their intellectual products pursuant to our copyright and Patent laws can consult us in person or by letter without charge.

THOMAS G. ORWIG,
J. RALPH ORWIG,
RETBEN G. ORWIG.
Registered Attorneys.
Des Moines, Ia., Aug. 19, '99.

Talk must be the equivalent of money, otherwise gossip wouldn't gain currency so easy.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?
It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. At all Drugists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Carroll D. Wright says: "Ten thousand people starve to death each year in Greater New York, while nearly \$400,000 a day passes over the saloon bars of that city for liquor."

Faultless Starch
Is rapidly superseding the old style starches. It saves labor, saves money and makes collars and cuffs look like new. All grocers sell it; large package 10c.

Rev. F. B. Meyer, of London, said recently: "The one thing that brings comfort to a man's heart is to know that he is on the path of duty where God put him."

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

When, in 1861, Governor Kirkwood, of Iowa, appointed Senator Allison colonel in the volunteer service and set him to raise four regiments the latter received most assistance from a big Scotch-American college lad who offered his services in any capacity. This man brought a company of his college friends and did other good work in enlisting recruits. He was David B. Henderson, next speaker of the house.

The man who takes his whisky straight usually takes his walks otherwise.

Ayer's Pills

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the Whiskers.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS, ALL STYLES.
THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe.
Catalogue A. Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Cascarets
REGULATE THE LIVER

CARTER'S INK
—None so good, but it costs no more than the poorest.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"HEALTH RESORTS," THE SUBJECT LAST SUNDAY.

"A Pool That is Called in the Hebrew Tongue Bethesda, Having Five Pools, Where Lay a Great Multitude of Impotent Folk." John vi., 2, 3.

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering-place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there three hundred and sixty feet long, one hundred and thirty feet wide, and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigoration was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication; but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water; and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering-place had his counterpart in the angel of healing, who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Sharon, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenetic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethsadas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music-stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festive array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the bar-room goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ball-room dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses, and other signs of social dissipation, attest that the season for the great American watering-places is in full play. Music! Flute, and drum, and cornet-a-piston, and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life, for the most part, has an opportunity to rest, and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering-places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth today, that some of our fashionable watering-places are the temporal and the eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number;" and, amid the congratulations of this season, and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country, I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction to leave your pety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering-places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catekill Mountain house, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration; and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you

know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesque of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers, with two thousand dollars' worth of diamonds on the right hand, drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering-place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who, in three or four weeks in such a place, have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity; but take your Bible along with you, and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling bells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden-Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation, and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering-places is the horse-racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people; and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating and the same betting and the same drunkenness and the same vagabondage and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse-racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragon and the light-cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock; and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said: "Heaven help you, then; for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes: "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years; and unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf!" With the bull fights of Spain and the bear-baitings of the pit, may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Now, the watering-places are full of temptations to men and women to tipple. At the close of the ten-pin or billiard game, they tipple. At the close of the cotillon, they tipple. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off, they tipple. The tinged glasses come around with bright strings, and they tipple. First, they take "light wines," as they call them; but "light wines" are heavy enough to debauch the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whiskey at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up, and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom, indeed, can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal-truck or the Mount Washington rail-chute, and shove him off. But that is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The depression is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward total darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is claret, and the second mile it is sherry, and the third mile it is punch, and the fourth mile it is ale, and the fifth mile it is whisky, and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe, and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering-places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains

in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the Valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering-places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different; and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering-places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you that it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering-place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda. Step in it, oh, step in it. The angel of the covenant today stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer, and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate-complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

A STRONG BABY.

Regimen on Which One Infant Is Making Astonishing Growth.

There is a doctor in West Philadelphia who has a son one year old, and this baby is probably the strongest human being for its age and weight in the world. Its father will hold a cane in his two hands, and the baby, grasping it, will draw itself up to its chin three times. That is but one of its numerous feats of strength. The physician says that his boy's unusual muscular development is due to a daily massage treatment. Every morning he lays the little fellow, naked, on a blanket, and kneads his muscles for thirty minutes. Once a month he weighs the baby and measures its calves, chest, arms, etc. The monthly increase of weight and girth are remarkable. The baby has never had shoes or stockings on its feet or a hat on its head, and in the summer it wears only a little sleeveless dress that comes to its knees. It gets a cold bath every morning. "If nothing goes wrong," the physician often declares, "this child will be one of the strongest men the world has ever seen. He will never get bald and he will never lose a tooth. As for his muscles, with massage and a course of exercise that I have laid out, they will be big and supple all over his body. All his flesh will be, when tense, hard as steel, and when relaxed as soft as the flesh of a young girl."

Loss of Hair Due to Mental Shock.

In a French medical journal M. Boissier relates the following remarkable case, which is an addition to the group of cases in which sudden loss of hair or change of its color followed mental shock. The subject was a vigorous peasant, aged 38 years, who was not of a nervous temperament beyond being slightly emotional. His hair was abundant, and a dark chestnut color, and not even slightly interspersed with white filaments. One evening, as he was returning home, preceded by his mule, on which was mounted his son, aged 8 years, the animal slipped, and the child was thrown off and trampled on several times. He was only severely bruised, but the father thought he was killed, and in endeavoring to save him was terror-stricken. He trembled, and had palpitations and a feeling of cold and tension in the face and head. On the following day the hairs of the head, beard and eyebrows commenced to fall in quantities, so that after eight days he was absolutely bald. At the same time the skin of the face and head became paler. Without delay the hairs began to grow again in the form of a colorless down. Soon all the affected regions were covered with finer, more silky, and a more thinly sown, completely white hair. The hair of other regions was not affected.

Her Ashes in the Mortar.

An odd monument was desired by an elderly maiden who died a few weeks ago in Athlone, Ireland. She left a fortune of \$135,000 to be spent in the erection of a church, provided that her body should be converted into ashes and used in making the mortar for building the edifice.

Just Think of It.

Tommy Scroggins—"I'd hate to be dat two-headed boy at de museum." Jimmie Wiggins—"He has lots o' fun." Tommy Scroggins—"I know dat, but jes' 'tink o' havin' two faces to warsh."—Ohio State Journal.

Danger.

The Bank President—Are you aware the cashier has taken a half-interest in a yacht? The Confidential Adviser—No. Perhaps we had better see he does not become a full-fledged skipper.—Indianapolis Journal.

Willie, aged 4, noticed the moon in the western sky one morning after sunrise. Having never seen both orbs at once he was deeply impressed and, running into the house, exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, I've got a good joke on the angels!" "Why, Willie, what do you mean?" asked the astonished mother. "They forgot to take the moon in," answered the little fellow.

Senator Hanna's rheumatism, according to letters from Europe, has centered in his knee-cap and it is feared that sesamoiditis may set in and permanently stiffen the leg.

Mr. W. H. Ijams, who has been recently re-elected treasurer of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, has been in the employ of the company for forty-six years, and has been treasurer since May, 1866. When a small boy in Baltimore he saw the great parade that Baltimoreans arranged to celebrate the laying of the corner-stone of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad on July 4, 1823.

Faultless Starch.
Best and goes farthest, gives stiffness and elasticity. No sticking, blistering or breaking. Every grocer sells it, nearly everybody uses it. 10c a package.

Love is a dream. Whether it is a nightmare or not depends a lot on what you had for dinner.

New Inventions.

417 inventors received patents the last week and of this number 131 sold either the entire or a part of their right before the patent issued. Amongst the large concerns who bought patents the last week are the American Bell Telephone Co., Boston, Mass. Unitype Company, Manchester, Conn. Plano Manufacturing Co., Chicago, Ill. Bevel Gear Wheel Co., Newark, N. J. Remington Arms Co., Ilion, N. Y. American Type Foundry Co., New York City. Geometrie Drill Co., Westville, Conn.

Parties desiring full information as to the law and practice of patents, may obtain the same in addressing Sues & Co., Lawyers and Solicitors, Bee Bldg., Omaha, Nebr.

When a woman happens to hit upon a good argument, she talks on another which kills it.
Hush! Don't You Hear the Baby Cry?
The only safe medicine for sour curd colic in nursing babies (see cautions) Candy Cathartic, Make mother's milk mildly purgative. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Life's thorns were created to keep people from acting hogghish with the roses.
Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Belts, 489 5th Ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, '95.

A motor car passenger service is mooted between Pretoria and the Transvaal.

Cut Rates on All Railways—P. H. Philbin Ticket Broker, 1505 Farnam, Omaha.

Sardou, like Balzac, keeps a store of notebooks and scrapbooks for use in his work.

\$118 buys new upright piano. Schmolter & Mueller, 1313 Farnam St., Omaha.

When a wise man wants to advertise anything in a neighborhood he confides it as a secret to his wife.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A convention invitation from Charleston, S. C., to the Democratic party should not be overlooked? It is the News and Courier that says: "Why not invite the Democratic convention to come to Charleston? We had one here before the war, which made the liveliest times for the whole country that it has ever had. Let us have the next one, and see what comes of it."

The Marquis of Salisbury has for many years been an earnest student of chemistry and found time to discover and complete an important chemical process in his private laboratory at Hatfield, the results of which will be made known to the world on his behalf at a forthcoming meeting of one of the learned societies.

French railroad companies have been ordered by the courts to provide their passengers with season tickets without advertisements. The Western railroad had increased the number of advertisements till a season ticket was as thick as a pocketbook and commuters refused to carry them.

D. L. Moody says: "What good does it do a man to get a college education, if at the same time he gets the drink habit. What good is the education in his head, if he goes out with the grip of the liquor demon on his throat?"

Every woman has an idea that she "holds her age well."

If there is anything in a name the young lady who has just been appointed postmistress of a town in Oklahoma ought not to remain single till the snow flies. Her card bears this inscription: "I'ma Daisy Cook."

John Ruskin says: "He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer, whose blood warmer, whose brain quicker, whose spirit is entering into living peace. And the men who have this life in them, are the true lords or kings of the earth—they, and they only."

A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42, 93.]
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhœa and kidneys were affected. "After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and today I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

No matter how much mother-in-law there is in her family, every woman thanks God that there is more in her neighbors.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There was never but one really brave man. He told a woman he didn't think her baby was unusually bright for its age.

Special Rates East, Via O. & St. L. and Wabash Routes.

For the G. A. R. encampment at Philadelphia tickets will be sold Sept. 1, 2 and 3, good returning Sept. 30th. Stopovers will be allowed at Niagara Falls, Washington and many other points, choice of routes. For rates, timetables and all information call at city office, 1415 Farnam st. (Paxton Hotel block), or write Harry E. Moores, C. P. & T. A., Omaha, Neb.

If all flesh is grass cannibals must be vegetarians.



An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists—Price 50c. per bottle.

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CATALOGUE IS
READY.

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